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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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BOY KILLS HIMSELF WITH A SHOTGUN.

Fred Dennison Accidently Shoots Himself Saturday Evening.

LINGERED 'TIL MONDAY AFTERNOON

Right Shoulder Badly Shattered and Arm Was Amputated by Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane—Funeral Services Held on Wednesday.

Fred Dennison, the 17-year-old son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dennison, accidentally shot and fatally wounded himself with a shot gun last Saturday evening, inflicting a wound in his right shoulder which caused his death on Monday afternoon.

Since the death of his parents a few years ago the unfortunate boy has resided most of the time with his brother, Eber Dennison, who now resides at Crosby. On Saturday Fred took the shotgun out to shoot some crows and when he came in to supper he left the gun outside, leaning against some boards. After supper he went out to get the gun, and carelessly took hold of it by the muzzle. In pulling it toward him, over the boards, the hammer was pulled back part way but not enough to cock it and when it slipped over the edge of the board, the hammer came down with sufficient force to discharge it.

When the gun went off the muzzle was very close to him and the full charge struck him in the right breast just below the shoulder. Where the charge entered the body it made a comparatively small hole, but upon striking the bones and muscles the charge of shot spread more rapidly than it would ordinarily and a terrible wound was inflicted.

Dr. Hamilton was called by telephone and hurried to the aid of the young man. He worked with him all night and Sunday morning when he came home he told the writer that the boy had a very slight chance of surviving. He sent for Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane, who came over and amputated the arm at the shoulder joint. However the flesh and arteries were so badly chewed up by the many pellets that the operation did not improve his chances for recovery to any extent and he passed away on Monday afternoon.

Fred Dennison is survived by one brother, Eber Dennison, with whom he lived at the time and one sister, Mrs. Monroe Welch who lives in East Smethport, who with a host of friends will deeply mourn the sudden and untimely death of this boy who was just coming into manhood. He was a member of the N. P. A. and he was highly respected for his manly qualities by all who knew him.

The funeral services were held at Crosby yesterday afternoon. A short prayer was held at the house at 1:45 and the services were held at the church at 2 o'clock, Rev. Perkins of Colegrove officiating. His remains were laid at rest in the Colegrove cemetery. The floral tributes were many an beautiful.

Anderson-Thomas Nuptials.

At the home of the bride's parents in East Smethport, on Monday, March 7, 1910, at 3 o'clock p. m., Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church spoke the words which united for life Mr. Anton Anderson and Miss May daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas.

The bride is a well-known and popular young lady who has a host of friends in this place, and the groom is a young man who has acted as chauffeur for Samuel E. Dell for the past year and during that time has made many friends in town, who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

After a short honeymoon trip they will return to Smethport where they will make their future home.

The Lock Haven State Normal School continually grows in popularity because of the efficiency of its corps of teachers, its healthfulness, its home life, and because of its superior equipment. Its central location attracts students from every section of Pennsylvania. It is easily accessible either by using the Pennsylvania system or the New York Central. Write for a catalog.

Don't forget to order Faxon's Hot Cross Buns for Good Friday at Brownell's.

TWO MEN INJURED.

Gust Isaacson and John Timberg Struck by Local Freight.

As Messrs. Gust Isaacson and John Timberg were driving home with a load of garbage, they stopped at the E. Y. crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad, just below Kane, in the vicinity of the Pennsylvania Window Glass plant to allow No. 87, a west bound freight train to pass, says the Republican. When the long train had cleared the crossing the men started to drive over the tracks and just as the rig got onto the track it was struck by local freight No. 96, east bound, which came drifting down the hill. The engineer saw the danger and did all in his power to stop his train, but without avail and the engine crashed into the rig, throwing the occupants out. Mr. Isaacson was very severely hurt about the head and his injuries are of a serious nature.

Mr. Timberg was not so seriously injured and was able to pick himself up. Although after he arrived at the hospital he complained of a pain in his side and it may be that he has some broken ribs.

This is one of the dangerous crossings referred to at the public mass meeting held recently to consider ways and means for providing better safeguards against accidents at the Fraley street crossing.

CITY DADS MEET.

New Board of Councilmen Meet and Make Appointments.

The new board of councilmen held their first regular meeting on Monday evening, and aside from routine business made several appointments customary at this time.

J. Clayton Backus was chosen for president of that august body. Fred Watson was elected secretary, for the ensuing year. W. B. Bouton was re-appointed attorney for the borough. Frank McCarthy was re-appointed chief of police and his son, Harold, as extra policeman. Charles Lemmler was again chosen as borough treasurer. John Cramsie will be street commissioner for another year.

We commend the members of this body for the excellent selections they have made and feel certain that we are voicing the sentiment of a large majority of the people when we say that in no instance could better selections have been made.

Killed by the Cars.

A shocking accident occurred about a quarter of a mile this side of Mina Tuesday evening when the body of William Cole was found in a mangled condition on the tracks of the C. & P. A. R. R. The first intimation of the accident was when William Donahay on his way to Mina stumbled over the lifeless form. He immediately summoned help and upon going to the place, found the man's body mangled, the head being mutilated and one leg nearly severed from the body. It is thought from the position of the body that Mr. Cole must have been lying on the tack when struck by the train.

The deceased was 47 years old and had been employed as fireman and engineer at the Mina mill and leaves a wife and four children.—Potter Journal.

The spring term of the Lock Haven State Normal School will open April 4th. As the school is now practically filled, those who apply early will have the best chance of being accomodated. This excellent school, besides maintaining a first class course of study for the training of teachers, also has departments of Music, Elocution, Art, and Business. It has a well selected library in charge of a capable librarian. Write for a catalog.

Incubators for Sale.

I have taken the agency for the Buffalo Incubators and Brooders, all steel, and will be pleased to show them to all prospective buyers. 100-egg size $11.00. All goods sold on 30 days trial.

JAMES QUIRK.

Students at Edinboro Normal are taught HOW and WHAT to study. Spring session begins March 22, 1910. A catalog and special circular will be mailed on application to Principal.

JOHN F. BIGLER.

For Sale

The property on cor. of King and Washington Sts., will be sold right.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

Sap Spouts and Syrup Cans at Means Bros.

BANNER CELEBRATION.

That is What Anniversary Meeting of Elk-McKean Odd Fellows Promises to be.

Ridgway Record:

Preparations are rapidly progressing by the various local committees of the Odd Fellows' organizations for what promises to be the banner celebration in the history of the Elk-McKean Anniversary Association, which will convene in annual session in Ridgway on April 26th. This association was organized in the city of Bradford on the 24th of November, 1903, and is composed of the lodges, encampments, Rebekah lodges and cantons of the counties of Elk and McKean. Previous to that time for a number of years the local Odd Fellows' organizations were members of the Northwestern Anniversary Association, which held its last meeting for the purpose of celebrating the Order's natal day at Meadville in April of 1903. It was at the Meadville meeting that the delegates composing the present organization decided to meet annually in August, thereby losing its identity as an "anniversary" association, and making it necessary that other arrangements be perfected for the commemoration of the birthday of Odd Fellowship in America at the proper time, viz:—April 26th.

Each successive meeting of the Elk-McKean association has been a success, the towns of Johnsonburg, Wilcox, Smethport, Mt. Jewett, Bradford and Kane have each entertained the organization, and those towns will be well represented at the meeting in this place next month. Kane, Bradford and Johnsonburg in particular have already given positive assurance that they will turn out very strong, and Tuna Lodge degree team of Bradford, than which there is none better in the state, have accepted the invitation to confer the First Degree in the opera house in the evening; the local degree team is hard at work rehearsing for the purpose of putting on the initiatory Degree with a complete new and costly outfit of costumes, while the Rebekah Degree will be conferred by the celebrated degree team of Clara Rebekah Lodge of Kane, the latter ceremony to take place in the Odd Fellows' hall.

Elk Capital Band will furnish music during the day and they have within the past week begun their customary rehearsals with the view of having their organization in first class working condition to compete with visiting bands as to appearance and ability. Johnsonburg lodge has already reported that a band will accompany them. A professional decorator has accepted the terms of the local committee and will be on hand to decorate the I. O. O. F. building and lodge room, the opera house, and the business places and dwellings of the borough.

Efforts are being put forth by the gentlemen in charge to have the Grand Master here for a special session of the Grand Lodge the evening of the 25th for the purpose of admission of Past Grands to the Grand Lodge, which arrangements will insure one or more of the Grand Lodge officers to assist in the public meeting in the afternoon of the 26th and will be the means of bringing a number of visitors to Ridgway a day ahead of the main celebration.

Taken altogether the indications appear most favorable indeed for a grand success and the maintenance of Ridgway's excellent reputation for always pleasing its guests and always producing every thing it advertises. The several committees assigned to special work in connection with the celebration are already hard at it and their labors are beginning to produce results which make it safe to predict April 26th to bid fair to go into local history as one of the biggest big days ever pulled off in Ridgway.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Special preparation is being made by the authorities of the Clarion State Normal School to provide for thorough reviews in the common branches and and to give as wide a professional training as possible. Write to the Principal for circulars. Spring term opens March 29th.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Prin.

For prices on woven wire fence see Means Bros.

FOUND DEAD IN BED TUESDAY MORNING.

Mrs. Harley T. Sawyer Succumbs to Heart Trouble.

IN GOOD HEALTH WHEN SHE RETIRED

Passed Away Quietly at Home of Her Daughter, Mrs. Rex L. Stark, on King Street—A Most Estimable Woman—Funeral on Friday.

Mrs. Harley T. Sawyer, aged 52 years and 5 months, was found dead in her bed at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rex Stark on King street at about 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, by Mrs. Stark who went into the room to get one of the children who had been sleeping with her.

Mrs. Sawyer retired about 10 o'clock in fairly good health. She had been sick this winter and bothered some with heart trouble but on Monday she felt very well and was in good spirits when she retired. Her four-year-old grandson, Daniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McVean, was sleeping with her and so quiet was her passage from this earth to that more beautiful one beyond that he knew nothing of it until Mrs. Stark came into the room and found that her mother had quietly and peacefully passed away while asleep.

The funeral services will be held at St. Luke's church this Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, and her remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

The following is from the pen of a close friend of Mrs. Sawyer who will know her many admirable qualities of true womanhood:

Entered into rest in the early morning of March 8th "before it was yet light," Laura Bond, wife of Harley T. Sawyer, daughter of James and Betsey (Ayers) Bond, his wife, and granddaughter of Deacon James Bond.

The subject of this notice was born at Bond's Mines, now known as Mt. Alton, Oct. 9th, 1857, and was the eldest of the 4 children of Mr. and Mrs. Bond. Her grandparents, Deacon and Mrs. James Bond, were of the pioneers of this county, and were as fine specimens of that sturdy stock as the writer ever knew, and Mrs. Sawyer was a worthy descendent of these worthy people. Though never robust, she had that wonderful endurance inherited from a long line of brave God fearing ancestors; such as they laid the broad foundation upon which the nation rests.

Though of Presbyterian antecedents Mrs. Sawyer early united with St. Luke's church of which she has always been a loyal and consistent member. She was confirmed in 1877 by Bishop Kerfoot.

She was married November 17th, 1887 to Mr. Harley Thomas Sawyer, a veteran of the Civil war, and to them were born 4 children, Skiel Bond Sawyer, of Buffalo, Grace, wife of Ray E. Button of Roseberg, Oregon, Mary, wife of Charles McVean, and Emma, wife of Rex L. Stark of Smethport. These with two grandchildren survive her.

She was a woman of unusual intelligence and disconcernment. She sought for herself and for her family what would be the most elevating and broadening in results, and she spared not herself that those in her care should attain the best values. Indeed, her willing and perfectly unconscious sacrifice of self for others was the most noticeable attribute of her character, and it was all done so largely, and with such placid gentleness that it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should give and we who loved her should accept.

I have never heard her complain of life's vicissitudes or disappointments. What could not be removed by quiet endeavor must be surmounted by patient insistence or silently endured. She did not often speak in blame of those about her and when she did it was with a good natured and charitable discernment of good qualities.

Her tenderness and patience with children was a thing to be remembered and emulated. And so while still useful, still needed, before the shadows grew too long, loving and beloved with her little grandchild nestled close beside her, she passed to her reward "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Advertise in The Miner.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The Post Express of Rochester, N. Y., is publishing a series of "Talkettes" on Tuberculosis. These are appearing daily and they are contributed by physicians of the city. This seems to us to be a sensible idea and the "Talkettes" should do a great deal to instruct the people with regard to the disease. We present to our readers these papers in the order of their publication.

Consumption: A Brief History of the Disease—by Dr. Montgomery E. Leary.

Consumption is an endemic disease; that is to say, a disease which can be contracted in any season and which exists in all the countries of the earth. It is called a disease of the masses because of its great prevalence among all classes of people. The first records of it date back to the fifth century before Christ, or about 2,500 years ago.

In 1865, Villimin, a French physican, demonstrated beyond doubt that tuberculosis could be transmitted from one individual to another. This was verified by other famous physicians until the disease was generally branded as infectious. In 1882 the specific germ which causes consumption was discovered by the great German scientist, Robert Koch.

Tuberculosis occurs most frequently in its pulmonary form, known as consumption, which, of course, attacks the lungs. Since the discovery of the infectious nature of the disease, the number of deaths have decreased, notably in Berlin, London, New York, Philadelphia, etc. Yet, according to some statistics, every sixth or seventh death in the world is caused by tuberculosis in one form or another. The death rate from tuberculosis is greatest in Russia and Austria, France is next, America and Germany follow and England has the lowest death rate.

Researches in recent years have demonstrated that consumption, also many other forms of tuberculosis, may not only be prevented, but can, in many cases, be arrested and lastingly cured. Governments have taken measures to suppress the scourge but their efforts have not been wholly successful owing to the lassitude and carelessness of the people. To successfully fight, intelligent cooperation from all classes is needed.

Consumption: What it is—by Dr. William S. Ely.

This talkette deals with the kind of tuberculosis commonly known as consumption, or tuberculosis of the lungs—the most contagious and fatal form of the disease. It is caused by the presence of tubercle bacilli (germs) in the lungs. These bacilli are small, elongated rods, or bodies, which are invisible to the naked eye. Under a microscope (magnifying glass), millions of them can be seen in an affected lung, or in the expectoration of a consumption patient. This germ belongs to the lowest form of vegetable life and is the actual and specific cause of all tuberculosis diseases. The germ multiplies rapidly and feeds on the lung substance which it gradually destroys. It does this by forming ulcers, which eat away the tissue of the lungs until there is not enough left to support life.

The important symptoms of consumption are cough, expectoration (or spitting of phlegm containing the tubercular germs), hemorrhage (or bleeding from the lungs), fever (increased temperature of the body, especially in the evening), difficulty in breathing, pains in the chest, night sweats, loss of appetite, emaciation (loss of flesh). The germ of consumption enters the system three ways. First, by being inhaled or breathed into the lungs; second, by being ingested, that is, eaten in tuberculous food or drunk in milk or water contaminated with the germ; third, by inoculation, or, the penetration of tuberculous substance through a wound in the skin. Of these three the first is the most important.

Consumption: Inhaling the Germs—by Dr. John F. W. Whitbeck.

Every time a consumptive spits, enormous quantities of bacilli, or germs, are loosed up on an innocent an unsuspected and, shame to say it, criminally indulgent public. This sputum becomes dry, is pulverized by motion, mingles with the dust, is inhaled by individuals and another victim is added to the toll of the white plague. The above applies only to consumptive's sputum which is deposited carelessly here and there. This sputum (spit) need not necessarily come from an acknowledged consumptive. Even at the period before the disease has been accurately diagnosed (discovered) in the individual, consumption germs are present in the sputum in quantities sufficient to transmit the disease.

In addition to the danger of infection by means of germs arising from dried and pulverized spit of consumptives, there is also the danger of germs expelled by the consumptive during the so-called dry cough, or when speaking quickly or loudly, or when sneezing. The small particles of saliva, almost invisible, thus expelled by the consumptive, may contain tubercle bacilli, or germs, sufficient to cause infection.

Consumption: Systems That Resist the Germ—by Dr. Parker Murphy.

This talkette might be condensed to a single sentence, namely: Men who lead clean, temperate, sensible and sanitary lives, who give the body the attention which is its due, will stand the best chance against the germ of consumption. The single exception might be the individual inheriting a weak or enfeebled constitution. Even here, a knowledge of the weakness and an effort to overcome it will go far toward safeguarding the individual. It must be understood that the weakness or enfeebled condition of any part of the body which Dr. Knopf calls "favorable soil for the growth of the bacilli," need not be permanent to expose one to the danger of infection. A temporary weakness or enfeebled condition is sufficient to constitute "favorable soil for the growth of the bacilli." Alcoholism, that is drunkenness, will weaken the body so that it is particularly susceptible to the germs. Privation, that is, the lack of proper and nourishing food, will effect a foundation which cannot successfully resist the germ. Intemperate habits, that is excessive use of drugs, tobacco, stimulating beverages, etc., lack of proper rest, indulgence of physical passions, etc., will engender a condition which cannot resist the germ.

Consumption: The Exploded Theory of Heredity—by William A. Keegan.

Consumption cannot be inherited. That is, a mother who is a consumptive cannot transmit the germ of consumption to her child in birth. This is so well-known now that is seems a waste of time to exploit it. Yet there are a number of people who still believe that the child is doomed because the mother or father was a consumptive. The only inheritance that a consumptive mother can leave her child is a constitution so weakened, or enfeebled, because of the mother's weakness, that it cannot combat the germ as successfully as the constitution of a child born under more favorable circumstances. With proper care and supervision the child of a consumptive parent may go through life without a taint of the disease. But the care and supervision always must be vigilant and the child must be trained to live with the end in view of safeguarding the particular organ in which the weakness lies.

A great percentage of the deaths from consumption, before the time when it became known to medical science that tuberculosis was caused by a specific germ, was due to the fact the theory that the disease passed from mother to child was generally believed, by physicians as well as laymen. The infectiousness of the disease did not command attention, even from medical men, until the latter part of the nineteenth century.

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 8 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11 point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

THE MINER,
Smethport, Pa.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

dtf Mrs. Carrie Clark

Notice.

All dogs must be tagged on or before April 1, 1910, or they will be disposed of according to law.

S. H. CLEVELAND,
Chief Burgess.

A Triangular Courtship

The Ending Was a Surprise to Those Who Lost.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The keeper of the Ledge rock light and his two assistants stared aggressively at one another across the dinner table.

"It's against the rules for less'n two men to stand by the light, as you both well know," said the keeper sternly. "I don't see why it's necessary for the two of you to go courting on the same night. Besides, I forgot to say I wanted to be away myself tonight."

"You promised that I should have tonight off," expostulated Eben Gall. "You said I should have every Wednesday night off. I have a lady friend."

His voice trailed into significant silence.

"I have a lady friend, too," put in Caleb Brown angrily. "I spoke to Captain Peter about it this very morning. I says to him, I says, 'My lady friend 'll be looking for me most particular tonight, and I can't disappoint no lady.' And you said as how I could be off for the evening." He scowled across the table at his fellow worker, and Eben Gall frowned back quite as fiercely.

"Great furys! You can both go, and good luck to your courting."

"Maybe we could get the parson to come over and set a spell," they chanted in unison.

"Maybe nothing!" snapped Captain Peter, rising noisily from his chair and leaving the room.

That night after the lamp was duly lighted and its beam had sent a long ray across the water the engineer received no task suggestion from the assistant keepers. In sullen silence they watched the supper dishes, and then each dressed in his best clothes and with hair plastered wet on his brown forehead, went down into the boat that was to take them ashore.

"Well, you give it to Parson Wilson," called Captain Peter regally, following them down the winding iron staircase. "Be sure you give it to him so's you can get ashore, so's he can come out and stay with me till you two lady killers come home."

Without a word Eben Gall crammed the letter in his breast pocket, and then, with a gruff "Good night" to the keeper on the landing, they unhooked the davit chains from the boat and rowed away into the darkness.

Captain Peter Fane went back into the cozy sitting room and, throwing himself into a big rocking chair, laughed until the tears rolled down his weather beaten cheeks.

Once on shore the two assistant keepers of the Rock Ledge light parted company, as none too affectionately that had not been broken since leaving the light house.

Caleb Brown took the lower road and soon disappeared from view, while Eben Gall made his way through a special path that led him to the parsonage on the hill.

There was an unusual air of festivity about the shore house. Bright lights shone from every window, and when the front door was thrown wide open a red glow from the hall lamp formed a background for the minister's surprised face. Eben noted that he was dressed in his Sunday coat, and over his shoulder peered Mrs. Wilson's rosy face.

Eben delivered the letter and turned away. As he went down the path Mrs. Wilson's voice arose, shrill with disappointment and protest.

"Suppose they've got a party on hand—maybe a donation. I don't see how the parson can get over to the light this evening. I hope Miss Nettie ain't gone to any donation. I don't know when I can get off again." His steps hastened as he drew near the abode of Miss Nettie Blake.

Now, Miss Blake was a most fascinating little lady, with soft brown hair and eyes of tender blue. Her equally soft and tender heart had bereft her of the power to give pain to any fellow creature. Perhaps this was the reason why neither Caleb Brown nor Eben Gall had been able to wring a definite answer from the lady both mutually adored.

For a whole year now the assistant keepers of the lighthouse had courted Miss Nettie Blake. At first they visited her on different evenings, but as jealously waxed hot they fell upon Wednesday evening as a proper and fitting one for a lover's attention, and, as neither could be dissuaded from his purpose, first one and then the other had supplied a substitute to watch with Captain Fane on Wednesday evenings.

And this dual courtship did not disturb Miss Nettie's equanimity. She was as sweet and kind as ever, and she impartially set forth her toothsome apple pies and elderberry wine while the rivals glowered at each other across her snowy damask.

Tonight, however, the little white cottage was dark and silent. A shadowy form on the doorstep indicated the whereabouts of Mr Caleb Brown. Eben paused at the gate and coughed.

Caleb Brown banged the brass knocker fiercely on the door, gleaming faintly white behind the shadowy vines.

All was silence.

The gate creaked under Eben Gall's authoritative touch, and as his feet crunched heavily on the gravel path the sound seemed a premonition of what might happen to Eben's hated rival if he did not cease his thundering at the door of the one woman in the world.

"Miss Nettie Blake's got tired of entertaining two callers every Wednesday, only she's too polite to say so. If you'll go away you'll find that she'll open the door quick enough for me." Eben's voice rasped on the still night air as Caleb Brown eyed from it knocking.

"She doesn't answer because she thinks it's you," sang out Caleb, pursuing his bombardment.

"I always knock special," retorted Eben. "Miss Nettie always recognizes my knock. If you'll just move along and let a gentleman that has some rights here"—He paused suggestively.

There was an explosive snort from Caleb Brown, and the knocker fell for the last time with a little angry thud. The first assistant keeper of the light ran down the steps and faced his rival in the moonlit space before the house. His nose advanced within an inch of Eben's implacable countenance, and his head wagged violently.

"Say it again!" he challenged squeakily.

Eben repeated his remark, with a few embellishments regarding Mr. Brown's personal appearance.

After this interchange of pleasantries it is not surprising that another instant found the assistant keepers rolling wildly on the gravel, now in the neat borders, where their heels played havoc with Miss Nettie's choicest plants, again coming in contact with a spiny cactus that pricked them to greater ferocity.

At last they fell heavily against a rotting tree stump that supported a red painted flower tub. The stump quivered and then yielded to the onslaught. The flower pot descended, just escaping serious injury to the combatants.

The shower of loose mud that filled their eyes, ears, noses and mouths brought the warring two swift close.

Stiffly they arose and faced each other in the pale light, dirty, dishevelled, with blackened eyes and bleeding noses, their best blue clothes caked with yellow loam, while every crevice of their attire clothing was filled with the earth from the flower pot.

As by one accord they turned and gazed for one of the gate leaving the scene of battle to greet Miss Nettie's perfect eyes when the sun arose, each bravely striding ahead, and at an unbrotherly distance in the rear short Gall limped after him.

They stood at the landing moored silently down the red path that the lighthouse flung across the glimmering waves.

A heart little beneath was amazed at the lighthouse reading, and with the idea of awaiting the parson or other possible callers who had taken pity on Captain Peter's loneliness the two assistants crept quietly down into the sitting room, where they noiselessly scrubbed the marks of combat from their faces and clothing. During these ablutions there was a hanged exchange of compliments between the rivals. They passed the single cake of soap back and forth and shared the bathing contents of a large bottle of vaseline with amazing amicability.

The next brief battle in front of Miss Nettie's cottage had served to relieve them of twelve months' pent-up animosity. As they quietly trod the winding iron stairway to their room in the tower above the sitting room they paused to fill their pipes from Eben's tobacco pouch. Each was mindful of his own bruised eye and aware of the futility of attempting to conceal it from an inquiring world—i. e., Captain Peter and his visitors—should they be discovered.

A light gleamed under the sitting room door, and as they passed it the portal swung wide, and Captain Peter himself, smiling and happy, resplendent in his best suit of blue cloth, confronted them and laid a friendly hand on each shoulder.

"Come in, boys. You're just in time. Here's parson and his wife and Benjamin Green and Uncle Nehemiah Blake and her that was Nettie Blake, now Mrs. Captain Fane."

The two assistants stared open mouthed at the merry company that filled the little sitting room, and the lighthouse keeper continued:

"Yes, siree! Miss Nettie and me counted on getting married in the parsonage tonight, and everything was ready and waiting; but, seeing that you two boys was set on going courting on this particular night, I just sent word to the parson for the hull lot of 'em to come over here and get married at the light. Benjamin, he brought 'em over in the launch, wedding cake, lemonade and all. Now, everybody set up and have something to eat. You're too late for the wedding, for the knot's all tied, but you can have some of Mrs. Captain Fane's cake, and she's a royal good cook. Now, Nettie."

Mrs. Fane blushed prettily as she took the huge knife the captain gave her and thrust it into the thick white icing, and as she presented a slice to Caleb Brown and another to Eben Gall she said softly:

"I'm going to be chief cook here. Now, I expect you two gentlemen will enjoy the good things I'm going to make, and maybe you like apple pies." Her tender eyes asked forgiveness as she made this reference to their former intimacy.

Eben and Caleb smiled sheepishly at each other and drew closer together. Their common disappointment would become the foundation for a lasting friendship. Loyalty to the little lady whom they both had hopelessly loved prompted them to speak in unison.

"We like apple pie first rate," they said bravely.

CRAWFORD IN KILTS.

The Novelist's Resolve When He Saw Himself as a Child.

One of the best known guides in the capitol at Washington used to be [illegible], formerly a Kansas City lawyer, who always sat in Republican conventions and voted for Blaine as long as there was a Blaine to vote for.

Colonel Snow used to tell this little story of the late Marion Crawford.

He had met Mr. Crawford in Florence, Italy, and when the novelist came to Washington Colonel Snow was the first person who showed him the doors made by the novelist's father, Thomas Crawford.

These are the senate bronze doors on the eastern portico. They represent scenes connected with the Revolution and the founding of the government.

The panel representing Washington's reception at Trenton when on his way to his inauguration in New York contains among the populace portrait figures of the sculptor, his wife, his three children and Randolph Rogers, the sculptor of the main doors of the capitol.

The novelist, who had never seen the doors before, quickly identified his mother and father.

"Yes," said he, "mother used to wear her hair just like that."

Then, gazing at the largest child, a Fauntleroyish figure in kilt, with long, flowing hair, he added speculatively:

"But I wonder if I ever really did look like that."—New York Sun.

A DUCK HARD TO KILL.

The Screaming Walloon Is Something of a Diver Too.

The screaming walloon is a hard duck to kill. Its hide is very tough and is thickly covered with feathers and down. Besides, the bird is a great diver, one of the kind that used to [illegible] with the old arm that flashed when fired. It is of very little value for table use, being so tough. The only way to parboil it at all is to skin it and put it in a big pot with plenty of water. The feathers make cups of walloon skins.

"They are great ducks for diving," says a well known Trout Avon river hunter. "They can dive quicker, go down deeper, remain under a longer time and come up further away than any duck that frequents our waters. I once shot [illegible] in killing a walloon, and, being short of game for the table, I determined to cook my bird. Upon a negro's skin it giving out the duke for the frolic. After being cleaned we put it in a great pot full of water and under it kindled a hot fire. After awhile I wanted to see how the cooking of my duck progressed, and lifted the top of the boiling pot, but there was so much steam escaping I could not see into the pot and struck a match over it. The blamed walloon, sir, dived at the flash of the last it disappeared and has never been seen since."—Baltimore Sun.

To Start a Tight Screw.

Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood. A screw that won't budge at all, and there in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such is there, don't give it up, don't lose your temper or even yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while, with a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that had previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.—New York Sun.

Interesting For the Husband.

A tilled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a while and startled face.

"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

Very Thoughtful.

"Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her."

"I suppose you neglect any such attentions now."

"Yes; I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."—Washington Star.

The Only Way.

"I wish I knew how to keep a servant."

"That man across the way can help you."

"Does he conduct an intelligence office?"

"No; he's an embalmer."—Houston Post.

Limited Experience.

Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on.—Boston Standard.

A Bit of Detective Work

By an American Girl Who Was Engaged to an Englishman.

By BEATRICE TUCKER.

Copyright, 1899, by American Press Association.

Among the marriages of American girls to titled Englishmen was that some years ago of Miss Emily Kitson to the young Earl of Hartmore. The earl came over to claim his bride, being [illegible] with him his cousin, who was best man.

Harcourt Berks, the earl, and this cousin, Stanwood Berks, had been brought up together from childhood. Harcourt was an only child, and Stanwood stood next in line as heir to the title. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents in New York, all the arrangements that pertained to the gloomy being performed by his best man. After the ceremony Stanwood conducted the clergyman to the library, pulled to a desk on which there were pen and ink, and there the marriage certificate was written. Stanwood received it from the clergyman and took it to the bride.

The earl and his lady sailed immediately for England and after a tour in Scotland settled down on the family estate.

A son, Lord William Berks, was born to the pair, who grew up to be a fine fellow. He was extremely fond of his mother and said that when he married he would choose an American wife, claiming that he owed much to his mother's great American views, so different from those of English women of birth, who lived very narrow lives. One day in his and Dorothy Sands's declining years on the eve of his majority she was in very high spirits at eight and looked very simply at great times she was in great slimness. They met in Naples and dreamed onward in Rome. From there he went to England to [illegible] his mother of [illegible] one of her own countrymen. He found her attending under a blow that had taken [illegible] his eyes.

On Lady Hartmore's arrival in England after her marriage in New York she had collected a number of papers and such other articles that must be kept, but were not likely to be needed, and put them in the vault kept for the storage of valuables. Having occasion to use an old deed, she had gone to the vault to look for it. There she saw her marriage certificate. Opening it, she was ill at with astonishment. There were only the printed letters, none in writing.

Having informed her husband of the circumstance, a thorough search was made through the family papers in the hope of finding a certificate that had been filed and executed by the officiating clergyman. Lady Hartmore remembered Stanwood Berks, first man at the wedding, handing her the marriage certificate and remembered looking at it and seeing that it had been duly executed. She also remembered placing it on her arrival in England in the treasure vault. Nevertheless here was a form for a marriage certificate that had apparently never been executed, and there was no other at hand.

Lady Hartmore wrote to a brother in New York asking him to discover if the marriage had been recorded and received a negative reply.

The painful fact that no evidence of the marriage between Lord and Lady Hartmore existed stared the couple in the face. And how explain the mystery? Stanwood Berks was appealed to and said he could remember nothing about the matter except giving Lady Hartmore an executed certificate. He had since been married and had several children, his oldest son being a few years younger than Lord William. The position was this: At the death of Lord Hartmore, since there was no evidence of his marriage with his wife, Stanwood Berks could claim the title and the property as next of legitimate kin.

Lord William on his arrival at home went at once to find his mother to announce his engagement. He found her sunken in gloom. To have to tell her son that so far as his inheritance was concerned he was illegitimate was a painful task. Naturally the blow fell upon him with equal severity. He had proposed to Miss Sands as the rightful heir to final title and estate and if Stanwood Berks or after him his son chose to claim both they could substantiate their right to inherit and he would be a beggar.

Miss Sands was to be in London within a month, and it was decided between Lord William and his mother to await her arrival before mentioning the change that had come over the family fortunes. To write her love letters without showing that there was trouble at hand Lord William found impossible. At any rate, the young lady, suspecting something had gone wrong and having been educated on the American method to take care of her own affairs, persuaded her mother to go with her at once to England.

Lady Hartmore and Lord William met Miss Dorothy in London and gave her the situation.

"Well," she said after hearing it, with a bit of that which the English people call American twang and with a businesslike air, "the first thing to be considered is, What are we going to [illegible] you're turned out? Fortunately father is wealthy, and I have something in my own right from grandma. So that's settled. Next, I've always had a fancy for detective work, and I would like to interest myself in getting at the bottom of this mystery."

There was something refreshing in this Yankee brightness, and Lady Hartmore, who recognized the typical American girl, smiled for the first time in months. As for the young lord, he folded his fiancee in his arms.

Miss Dorothy spent several hours one morning with Lady Hartmore, notebook and pencil in hand, asking innumerable questions and noting the replies. Then she asked to be introduced to Stanwood Berks. He was invited to dinner. Dorothy when the function was over said she didn't like him.

The Hartmores went to their home in the country, and Dorothy remained in London. What she did there she kept to herself. After awhile she wrote Lady Hartmore that she and her mother were going to follow out their itinerary in a trip to Scotland. The Hartmores had relatives in Edinburgh, and Dorothy asked for a letter of introduction to them. The letter was sent, and Dorothy went to Scotland. There she chatted gibly with the branch of the Hartmore family to whom she had been introduced and when she departed was spoken of as "that inquisitive American."

Lord William was to meet Dorothy in London, and Dorothy wrote him to bring the blank certificate of his mother's marriage with him. When he arrived he asked her what she intended to do with it. She put her head on one side and, looking at him saucily, said:

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"But surely you will tell me, your fiance."

"Do real detectives go about telling people of their clews?"

"I won't tell anyone."

"Certainly not, because you won't know. They say a woman can't keep a secret, but a woman detective must."

He got no satisfaction and was obliged to content himself with the part of a hero, having whatever significance he chose in the "American girl" as he called her.

One morning Mr. Stanwood Berks received a letter from Miss Dorothy that sent him to London posthaste, and he was closeted with the fair lady for an hour. What transpired between the two was never known, but Stanwood Berks emerged from the interview much elated at and feel at all that was going on in him. He got away from them as soon as possible.

Dorothy's last move had been made, and she was ready to report results. She wrote that it was natural for Lady Hartmore to be would spend a few days with them, when she would have something of importance to communicate. Lady Hartmore responded favorably, and one morning the detective presented himself at the earl's residence and being shown in [illegible] the ladies.

"How did you do it?" asked Lady Williams.

"Tell us," said the earl impatiently.

"Well, you know, I got a lot of information before I started in. I consulted lawyers, and I found out all about the marriage here in London. Some things I began to put one and one together, so as you know, I went there. I met a lot of people who remembered your visit and asked many questions. They called me the ugliest dye American. Wasn't it funny? At last I found an old friend of yours, Lord Hartmore, to whom you introduced Lady Hartmore as your wife. That, according to the Scotch laws, made her your legal wife."

"Upon my word, you are right!" exclaimed the earl, delighted. "Who was the man?"

"John Murchison, a classmate of yours at Oxford."

"John Murchison! Will he swear it?"

"Here is his affidavit."

While the earl read the paper there was a triangular embrace among the others; then Dorothy continued:

"You know, I didn't like Mr. Berks and got an idea that he had tampered with the marriage certificate. I stated the case to chemists, and one of them told me that a certain—here it is," drawing a slip of paper—"solution of iodide of starch when used for writing appears much the same as ordinary ink, but completely disappears in the course of a few weeks, and nothing will restore it. Having learned from you that Mr Berks had taken the clergyman after the wedding to a desk of his own choosing on which to fill out the certificate, I concluded that he had filled the blankand with this iodide of starch. I asked the chemist if it would leave any trace, and he said it would. I took your certificate to him. He tested it and found traces of what I expected."

Dorothy was interrupted here by exclamations of surprise and indignation and on the part of the earl one of mingled pain and sorrow.

"I sent for Mr. Berks," continued Dorothy, "and showed him what I had done. On my promise to tell this to no one but you three and to pledge you not to prosecute him he signed this confession."

Berks had yielded to the temptation, thinking that in case his cousin died before him he could claim the title and the property.

Dorothy Sands became Lady William and in time Lady Hartmore. The family swear by American women.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

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General Insurance Agent.
Bell 'Phone 18-B. Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

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FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

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May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Your Stock Will Serve You

best when we serve them with what they want and should have in the eating line. The proper care of live stock, as regards what sustains them, is our principal business. The appearance of horses and cattle given grain and feed supplied by us tell the whole story in a nutshell.

F. A. GREEN

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Fine TOBACCO FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription."

Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best; therefore your patronage is solicited.

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C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

FOR HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE

A Full Line of Seasonable goods prices Right.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Dennison wish to thank their many friends and neighbors who so kindly rendered them assistance during the illness and death of their brother Fred Dennison.

—The trial of Attorney H. E. Shaffer of Kane, charged with embezzlement, was started last Thursday morning and lasted until Saturday, when shortly before noon the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. The charges were made by Miss M. Schriver of Kane for whom he had loaned a great deal of money at usurious rates of interest. Mr. Shaffer's counsel made an application for a new trial which will be argued in April.

—The Kane Republican aptly remarks: Boys! How about planting some of the vacant lots about town this summer and seeing how much you can earn during vacation. The work will do you good, besides keeping you off the streets, which is a good thing to do. We believe that a snug sum could be made in this manner. There are many vacant lots that the owners would be only too glad to have cultivated. Try it once. Get the habit of doing something for yourselves while you are young. See how much you can save and you will be surprised at the "nest egg" you will have by the time you leave school. Do not idle away your time in useless pursuits that bring you no return for time and energy spent.

—State Commissioner of Fisheries William E. Meehan will distribute cans of 12,000,000 trout fry to the streams of the state as soon as the weather opens up. He said he would order shipment of cans from the hatcheries as soon as the ice leaves the streams and the waters are normal. "The applications in hand call for about 12,000,000 fry," said Meehan. "Almost half the cans will be taken from the Corry hatchery. We will probably send 5,000,000 fry from that place. The Bellefonte hatchery will supply 4,000,000 and Spruce Creek the remainder." The Commissioner says that the streams have all been high this spring and that conditions were favorable for a good hatch, although much will depend upon the weather in the next six weeks.

—The man who is so narrow minded that he can see no good save in himself is to be pitied. Yet we have them, not only in this community, but all over the country. Men who would otherwise be useful citizens are handicapped by their own selfish ideas of right and wrong. When men refuse to give credit where credit belongs and refuses to recognize true worth and character in their fellow men simply because they do not agree as to the policies advocated, they become stumbling blocks and stand in the way of progress. All men cannot think alike. Neither can they look at matters from the same view point, but all men should be broad minded enough to give in when defeated and accept the situation, instead of standing afar off and endeavoring to belittle the efforts of those who are making an honest and faithful effort to make good. Life is a rough sea at best, and should not be made more burdensome because of petty spite.—Exchange.

Roaches in the House.

The roach nuisance has been brought to the attention of State Zoologist H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, by persons in different parts of the state. The cold winter, which resulted in brisk fires being maintained to keep up the temperature inside of dwellings may have resulted in these pests becoming more numerous than usual.

A lawyer, of Indiana, Pa., wrote to Professor Surface, saying: "For some time past I have been troubled with roaches. They keep hid in cracks during the day, but at night come out in large numbers. I think they must have been brought in the house with groceries. Everything is kept clean and in as good condition as is usually found about a well-regulated house, and still they stay. We have tried various things in trying to get rid of them. I suppose that fumigating the entire house with formaldehyde would be effective. If you can give me any simple method of getting rid of them, I will be grateful for the advice."

Professor Surface replied as follows:

"These pests are quite persistent invaders, and generally cannot be exterminated by a single application. For this reason a combination of methods is desirable. Powdered borax blown around cracks they inhabit, especially around dump places in the kitchen floors, will help to drive them away. Powdered sugar, one part, and plaster of Paris, two parts, mixed together, will prove to be a good remedy. One of the best remedies is a proprietary substance sold on the market under the name of "Roache Paste" or "Roach Food." I should avoid the phosphorus poisons, as they are dangerous to use in the house. If the annoyance caused by roaches should reach the extreme limit and it be necessary for you to fumigate, you can do this safely with hydrocyanic acid gas, although you will have to vacate the rooms during the time of the fumigation. I should not attempt to fumigate for them with formaldehyde, as I do not think this would be efficient in destroying roaches."

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $4. SHOES BOYS' SHOES $2.00 & $2.50

THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and find they are fine superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY

ANDERSON & CARLSON

Smethport, Pa.

Pleaded an Extenuation.

An [illegible] youth had called with a cab to take the judge's daughter to a dance, scarcely two blocks from her home. The judge entered the room where the youth was waiting. Pacing across the room a couple of times with his head bent and thoughts concentrated, he came to a stop about in front of the youth and demanded:

"You're mean. This cab [illegible] two blocks. [illegible] up [illegible] thousand [illegible] invest [illegible] [illegible] blood, and the world [illegible] [illegible] when it [illegible] [illegible] him [illegible] their it will return [illegible] the person who pronounced [illegible] to go a-walk with [illegible] leaves [illegible] it will go and [illegible] the wood, but it [illegible] will [illegible] and smile like woodnote himself who is stirring it to sweep the eyes."—London Globe.

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

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The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practiced with conservative banking.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never goes into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

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Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

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MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—D. L. Forsythe is confined to his home by illness.

—Read the change of advertisement of Means Brothers in this issue.

—Wesleyan services as usual at 2:30 and 7:30 next Sunday in the Baptist church.

—There will be a fifty cent dance at Howe's hall, East Smethport, the 14th of this month.

—Persons having rubber coats belonging to the Smethport Fire Department are requested to return them to the Hose House at once.

—Fry & Comes have a large advertisement in this issue telling many interesting things about Woolrex garments which the ladies will read.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will hold a supper in the chapel on Thursday, March 17th. The supper will begin at 5:30. Price 25 cents.

—The Rebekahs held a tea at the I. O. O. F. hall Monday evening which was largely attended. Everybody had a good time and a goodly sum was realized.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton of Larabee are rejoicing over a 9½ pound girl baby that arrived at their home on Sunday afternoon. Mother and child are doing nicely.

—Mrs. George Oliver of Sartwell received a message Friday from her brother, W. A. Williamson, of Friendly, W. Va., giving the sad intelligence of the death of their father, which occurred at that place.

—A tea will be given at the Travellers' Club House on Saturday and there will also be a special meeting to make arrangements for the drama "Dave" which will be produced on March 30. All members are requested to be present.

—The editor always has a warm spot in his heart for the friends who bring or send in news items. It is the desire of this paper to print all the news all the time and those who lend us their assistance to that end have our unbounded gratitude.

—Within the last 18 months 2,161 girls and women immigrants destined for Chicago from the various ports of entry have disappeared en route to Chicago or in the city itself immediately after arrival, according to a report at the annual meeting of the League for the protecton of Immigrants. Undoubtedly many of them are victims of the "white slave" dealers.

—Mrs. "Jack" Cudahy of Kansas City was out automobile riding with Banker Lillis all day and while he was calling on her in the evening the young millionaire meat packer came home and gave them both a terrible beating. Thus is another home of the idle rich broken up.

—Philander Chase Knox, Jr., son of Secretary of State Knox, has left college, eloped with and married a Miss Boler, who is unknown socially and this far young Knox has failed to receive the parental forgiveness and blessings. Both bride and groom are said to be under 21 years of age.

—About 2 o'clock Monday morning fire was discovered in the Arlington hotel, a large four-story frame structure located near the depot at Shinglehouse. The guests, to the number of about twenty, all escaped from the burning building, but some of them were scantily clad and others barely had time to save their clothing as they rushed from the burning structure. There were several children in the building when the fire was discovered, but all of them escaped in safety. Damage to the extent of $10,000 was done by fire, smoke and water.

—A farmer brought two hogs to a nearby town and offered them to a butcher for sale, says an exchange. A price was quickly agreed upon, and the farmer said he would sell, but wanted the hams and shoulders. To this the butcher was willing, and after the weight had been taken the desired parts of the hogs were cut off and handed to the farmer, who asked for the balance coming to him. After figuring for a moment the butcher replied, "You owe me $2.85." And the farmer had to pay it. The butcher had bought the hogs at wholesale price and charged the farmer retail rates for the parts he reserved.

—Word from the Special Deputy of the State Insurance department of New York, says that the indications are that an early liquidation of the People's Mutual of Syracuse is expected. At the recent post card vote by the members 27,517 votes were for liquidation and 1,426 for continuance. All the moves have to be made under court orders now and require time, likewise will the converting of some of the company's securities into cash. The deputy says: "From the knowledge I have of the financial condition of the Association, I would state that, in my judgment, each member should receive, in case of liquidation, approximately the amount paid in for assessments."

A BIG SAVING!

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McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 10, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner: Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Shinemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,

Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert P. Habgood.

Bradford, Pa., March 7, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June.

L. J. Resner.

Port Allegany, March 3, 1910.

Thomas Platt, known all over the world as the "easy boss" of New York State politics and for many years a big factor in National politics, is dead.

In a per curiam opinion by Chief Justice Fell of the State Supreme Court the capitol graft cases appealed by James M. Shumaker and William Snyder were decided against the defendants. The court's declaration was in three lines. There was no dissent.

Despite the fact that many said no one would ever suffer the penalty of his crime in the capitol graft cases, ex-Auditor General William P. Snyder and ex-Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings James P. Shumaker commenced to serve their sentences in the Eastern Penitentiary yesterday.

Civil suits for the recovery of approximately $3,000,000 of alleged graft in "trimming" the capitol were instituted in the Dauphin County courts Monday. The papers are broader than those of the conspiracy cases and include a number of defendants against whom no criminal action was brought. It is conceded that the late John H. Sanderson obtained from the state more than $2,000,000. The Pennsylvania Construction Co., it is claimed, sold metallic filing cases for $2,950,000 which were worth $450,000.

Since the inauguration of the present administration fault has been found with the President because of his sentiment of "doing one thing at a time" and for a lack of promises for the future. In the speech of the President at New York on Lincoln Day, says the News, the President defined the course and intention of the administration in no uncertain manner, and his utterance has done much to add confidence for the future and belief in the earnest endeavor to carry out each and every pledge made in the pre-election speeches.

A ringing eulogy of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law and a detailed defense of the present administration occupied a great part of the long speech.

The President went over the Republican platform of 1908, plank by plank, and pointed out how step by step, the administration was working toward a fulfillment of its pledges. He took the stand that the Payne bill contained a substantial revision on the tariff and, quoted statistics to prove that since the law went into effect, there had been a considerable decrease of duties.

But the President admitted the tariff law will be blamed by the Democrats for the cost of living, which, he admits, will be a vital issue in the congressional campaign next fall. "And we must not be blind to the weight of such an argument," he told the Republicans.

After a long argument intended to prove that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best tariff law inaugurated in the United States, the President proceeded to individual pledges of the platform of 1908.

Then, without mincing words, he took up Wall street and the trusts.

The speech undertook to answer the flood of questions and criticisms which have been deluging the country relative to the success of the Taft administration. On the subject of Wall street the President said:

"From time to time attacks are made upon the administration on the ground that its policies tend to create a panic in Wall street and to disturb business. All I have to say on that subject is this:

"That certainly no one responsible for a government like ours would foolishly run amuck in business and destroy values and confidences just for the pleasure of doing so. No one has a motive as strong as the administration in power to cultivate and strengthen business confidence and business prosperity. But it does rest with the national administration to enforce the law, and if the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of doing business, then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business and they should be changed to conform with the law.

"There was no promise on the part of the Republican party to change the anti-trust law, except to strengthen it nor to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices, and those who look forward to such a change cannot visit the responsibility for their mistake on innocent persons. Of course, the government at Washington can be counted on to enforce the law in the best way calculated to prevent a destruction of public confidence in business, but that it must enforce the law goes without saying."

GOOD ROADS.

Ex-Speaker McClain's Views on Dirt Roads.

That interest in the good roads movement in Lancaster county is not confined to local circles, or to the individual farmer, along whose home the ordinary neglected country dirt road runs, is daily becoming more manifest. Representative Frank B. McClain, who has always been an advocate of improving dirt roads for the farmer, recently made a trip into the country, and personally viewed actual conditions, as they exist to-day, in rural highway districts. The ex-Speaker, in talking of the matter, has expressed the following views:

A few days ago I spent an afternoon going over the dirt roads of East Lampeter township, with a view to acquiring information as to their condition, and as well as witnessing the effect produced by use of the much-talked-of "King Split Log Drag." My host and pilot was Dr. Donald McCaskey in his handy little buff-for-two" motor runabout. Any fault or lane in East Lampeter township that Dr. McCaskey doesn't know is, sure enough a "blind one." I had opportunity to observe township dirt roads upon which no labor had been expended this spring that others that had been treated in the old fashioned way of digging the sod and stones from the middle and dumping them into an impassible mass in the middle, split stones, upon which the scraper, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by five or six men, wheel work, and last by the roads to which the "Split Log Drag" had been applied. If anybody has any doubt as to which method of treatment is most economical, and at the same time effective, let him take a trip over the roads in East Lampeter township upon which this new device has been tried. The experiment is that so simple a contrivance, involving no complicated machinery, should produce such gratifying results. It may be regarded as presumptuous, and perhaps by some impertinent, for one like myself, who has always lived in the city, to advocate new methods of treating dirt roads or criticising the practice long pursued in this work. But I have served many years in the Legislature, where this subject of "good roads" has been minutely and exhaustively discussed, and, in consequence, have acquired some knowledge upon the subject, which knowledge has prompted personal investigation of methods for caring and maintaining to convince me that the old method of dirt road treatment is as much out of date as "grandfather's hats," and that as well from the standpoint of cost is "penny wise and pound foolish." Because our great-grandfathers did things in a certain way is no reason why we should do likewise. The scythe is no longer used to mow the hay field, the cradle to level the wheat, or the flail to thresh the grain. Why, then, have we not evoluted from antediluvian methods in caring for and maintaining highways. "New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient things uncouth." This is an age of progress and progress means economy of labor and the production of better results at a minimized cost. In my travels throughout the state, I have observed that the people of other counties not so large, populous or rich as our county of Lancaster have wakened up on this good roads subject, and by this I mean dirt roads, not macadam or automobile thoroughfares. The legislature at the recent session appropriated $500,000 to be divided among townships to assist in the maintenance of dirt roads under certain prescribed conditions, which conditions are generous and unexacting. The amount passed by the Legislature for this purpose was one million dollars, but the governor, because of the scarcity of revenue, was forced to cut in half. It is up to the progressive townships of the respective counties in the Commonwealth "to get on the move" and secure some of this benefaction. I appreciate the conservatism of the people of Lancaster county. I am familiar with their possession of the Missouri instinct. They have "got to be shown," but when you can and do "show them" none is more prompt to adopt and act. The movement in East Lampeter township for better dirt roads should and, I firmly believe, will spread. Other townships can emulate the example set with credit and profit. If they do, Lancaster county will soon enjoy the same reputation in this matter as it does in many others. "A Leader never a Follower."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending March 5, 1910:

Dunn, Mrs. Hessie.
Koley, Mrs. Wm. E.
Vandermark, Mrs. Elsie.
Angelo, Verduce.

FOREIGN.

Cossimo, Marino.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

C. O. Caskey has for sale one horse heavy, and set of heavy harness, one wagon and sleighs. For further particulars inquire of C. O. Caskey.

Wanted:

Men to cut 500 cords wood ¼ mile from Smethport.

JAMES QUIRK.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Penna.
No. 110, December Term, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the second and partial account of Sheridan Gorton, Guardian of Nancy L. Morrison, a weak minded person, has this day been filed in the office of the Prothonotary and confirmed nisi, and will be confirmed absolute on Monday, April 18, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., if no objections are filed in the meantime.

H. P. CATTARUGY,
Prothonotary.

Smethport, Pa., February 28, 1910.

Help Wanted.

Wanted, District Managers and Agents for our new monthly Whole Life Policy, also Cash Surrender and Protection Policies, paying sick and accident benefits and natural death. No examination for ordinary risks. Address, Mr. Meyer, 1011 Dyers Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

173 Acre Farm
Fine Buildings,
On $500 Payment.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 173 acres, located on the Mountain Row road, 2 miles south of Bradford, N. Y. Seventy hill land, about 50 acres cultivated, balance in pasture and maple, beech, basswood, and cherry timber. Fine sugar bush; well watered; good fences; fine orchard. Eleven room house with good cellar; well water. One barn 28x36, one barn 30x40, both in good condition. This farm is on R. F. D. 10, and telephone line, 10 miles with mile from school, 2 miles from cheese factory and church, and 3 miles from railroad station. Good horse barn for horses and cattle. This is a splendid producing farm and will bear the closest inspection. Price $6,000. Terms $500 cash, easy payments on balance. Possession within 30 days. Write or telephone

Herrick Agency,
-BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Bee Supplies.-- We want all Beekeepers in this vicinity to send to us, at once, for 1910 Root catalogue, complete with prices, and get our special offer for early orders. We carry in stock a large assortment of most salable goods. Buy near at home and get prompt and satisfactory service. Best goods at right prices.

BARD & CHENEY
PORT ALLEGANY, - - PENNA.

All the best Magazines and Periodicals at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store.
Sole agent for Saturday Evening Post. Finest line of drugs, medicines, rubber goods, etc. in town.
Cigars, Candy, Toilet Articles.

BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Call at my Store and look over my stock of
HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, - Penna.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Laundress who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at
CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY
VOLNEY F. DUNBAR
HAS JUST OPENED A NEWS STAND AND A GENERAL INFORMATION BUREAU AT CROSBY, PA.
For further particulars call, write or phone
The Dunbar Agency

This is the day of small profits and large sales

This is the principal of the modern jewelry store. Yes, we are going to sell good jewelry at a small margin. We believe that jewelry can be sold on the same small margin of profit as other goods. We appeal to you for your jewelry business.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers
Successors to W. J. Kerr

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Atlantic City
Cape May
WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OR OCEAN CITY, N. J.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
EASTER 15-DAY EXCURSION
Friday, March, 25, 1910

$10.60 from Smethport
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agents.

EASTER SUNDAY ON THE BOARDWALK

Full information regarding leaving time of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Disposed of all our old stock to a commission merchant last week. Anything you buy here now is new. No more old stock here.

UP-TO-DATE
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
AT GREAT
REDUCTIONS
H. W. Rubin.
Smethport, Pa.

SEE WASHINGTON
SPRING VACATION EXCURSION
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Friday, March 25th, 1910

$10.60
From Smethport, Pa.
Stop-over at Baltimore & Philadelphia
allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, affording opportunity of visiting ATLANTIC CITY.

Tickets will be going on regular trains within eleven days, including date of excursion.

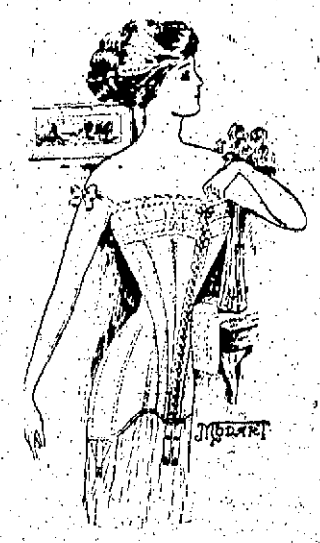
Easter Sunday at the Nation's Capitol
—Similar Excursion April 8th.

Full information regarding leaving time of trains may be obtained of agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS.
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.
THE MODART CO.
Presents



Mrs. M. E. Gleason

Prominent Corset expert of New York City, who will Conduct a

. . Grand . .
Exposition Sale

with expert fittings of the Celebrated

MODART CORSETS

"the improved front lace"

Beginning Monday, March 14

The Sensation of the year in the Corset world. This wonder- corset is the very Acme of Corsets excellence and Comfort, and hough upon the market but a single season has, as if by magic, ped into poplar favor with women of fashion.

The phenomenal success of the Manufacturers in producing a nt Laced Corset which fits the wearer—and gives positive and paralleled comfort while in any position—at the same time ful- ing all the rigid requirements of the Season's New Gown Styles the Complete Satisfaction of the World's Most Exacting Gown akers, is alone responsible for the almost incredible Success of MODART.

We urge that the women of this city avail themselves of this sual opportunity to advise with this prominent Corsetier on the ubject of proper corseting.

Come Monday or some day most convenient next week.

pring and Summer Fabrics For Wash Dresses

An abundant Collection of the newest and prettiest patterns in e Scotch Ginghams, and many other desirable dress Fabrics, now on sale in the cotton goods section. Women who wish to nticipate their Spring and Summer needs will find an exceeding- large range of attractive weaves and color effects laid out for eir inspection.

Womens White Shirt Waists.

Thrifty new effects in white Shirt Waists that appeal to the od taste of women who wish the proper Styles. We have an ex- edingly large assortment to select from ip prices ranging from 1.00 to the finest goods.

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

The Lindholm Company
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Home Journal Patterns.

FRY & COMES

Monarch Shirts.

Wooltex

No young girl with a love of beautiful things could resist this graceful Jacket.

The long shawl collar of black moire and the single big button, the cleverly arranged panel in the back, the full pleat- skirts. will all appeal to her,

The soft peau de cygne lining, the careful tailor- ing, the fine fabric, the WOOLTEX guarantee, are additional advantages.

What the Wooltex Label Means.

The WOOLTEX Label insures you all wool —pure wool.

A cotton-mixed or adulterated fabric appears, when you buy it, exactly the same as all wool. No woman can tell the difference—even the shrewdest buyers are often deceived.

But a pure wool garment, if rightly shrunk and rightly made, holds its shape till you wear it out. A cotton-mixed garment loses its shape on the slight- est exposure to dampness.

And a WOOLTEX label marks a correct style. No need to wait to see what others are wear- ing. WOOLTEX is right.

The WOOLTEX label insures high skill in workmanship. There may be other garments made equally well, but it is impossible to pick them out. The name WOOLTEX is an absolute protection.

And the WOOLTEX label is a guarantee of two full seasons' satisfactory service. The makers assume all the risk.

The WOOLTEX label is also the makers' promise to give you a new lining should it be neces- sary before the end of two season's wear.

Don't you think it worth while—in view of all this insurance—to insist on the WOOLTAX label?

It is on every WOOLTAX garment. Look for it for your own protection.

Plastico

A Perfect Wall Coating
Combines Cleanliness and Durability
Any one can brush it on
No one can rub it off

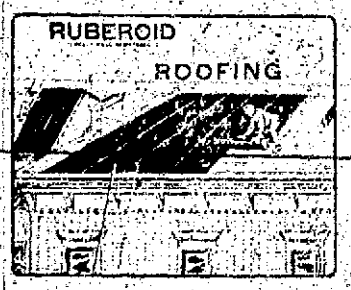
Plastico is a pure, permanent and porous wall coating, and does not require taking off to renewas doall kalsomines. It is a dry powder, ready for use by adding cold water and can be easily brushed on by any one. Made in white and fourteen fashionable tints.

ANTI-KALSOMINE CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

For full particulars and sample card ask

Daly & Garlick

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO AT- TEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will de- teriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Special Interest Department

Accounts may be opened with One Dollar or more.

Interest allowed at the rate of 4% per annum subject to rules, and paid to depositors or added to principal on last days of March, June, September and December.

Deposits made during the first ten business days of January, April, July and October, are allowed interest from the first of the month.

New accounts draw interest from date of first deposit.

The Fidelity Trust Co.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

WM. MONHEIMER.

GUARANTEED
(Priestly)
Water Proof
RAIN COATS
5.50 to 6.50

is saved if you buy a Rain Coat now. All our $15 and $16.50 Rain coats sold this and next week at

$9.50

we have your size.

MONHEIMER'S

Good Resolution for 1910

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year, but it's not too late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at our store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to even go out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality consid- ered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' PHARMACY

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as sec- ond-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 10, 1910.

Local and General.

—Personals will be found on the last page.

—Sunday was an ideal spring day and Monday was different.

—Harold Day is putting in extra time working for Fry & Comes.

—The David Garrick Co., booked for the Lyceum on Monday and Tues- day evenings failed to appear. It is said that this excellent company will be seen here later in the season.

—A. B. Walker and family have moved into the Digel house on Water street.

—Miss Hazel Colegrove entertain- ed a number of young ladies at her home Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. George W. Brennan enter- tained the Kensington Club at her home on Mechanic street yesterady.

—The Rev. Dr. Perry, rector of the Church of Ascension, Bradford, Pa., will officiate at St. Luke's church Fri- day evening at 7:30.

—A number of friends gave Mr. and Mrs. E. Brooke of Willow street a very pleasant surprise on Saturday evening in honor of their birthdays.

—At the Methodist Church on Sun- day all the regular services prevail- as at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 11:45. Epworth League at 6:45.

—The Potato Creek Telephone Co. has been organized and poles, wire and telephones ordered. This com- pany will be doing business in the near future.

—The Epworth League topic for Sunday evening will be "Lazarus rais- ed at Bethany—Withdrawal to Eph- raim." References are John 11:1-54, Edersheim Vol. II, 295-326.

—At the high school last Friday Allan Morrison won first place for the oration and Helen McGowan first place for essay and they will therefore be the contestants for Smethport in the coming contest with Eldred high school. For the debate the contest- ants will be Donald Hogarth and Henry Cory.

—On Tuesday Postmaster J. C. Gal- lup received the information that his reappointment for another four years had been affirmed by the Senate. Mr. Gallup has served twelve years and the fact that he has had no opposi- tion for reappointment is the best proof that he has filled the postion in a most satisfactory manner.

—Elijah Root, a prominent resident of Sugar Grove, Warren county, com- mitted suicide some time Friday night by hanging. His body was found Sat- urday morning, suspended by the neck from a step ladder in his barn. He was 72 years of age and his entire life was spent in Sugar Grove. He was a shrewd business man, well off finan- cially and had no illness or trouble that his family knew. His wife and one son survive.

—Young men and maidens, Old men and matrons! Ye are one and all re- spectfully invited to repair to ye St. Luke's Parish House on Monday even- ing, ye fourteenth of March, at early candle light, and then and there to take part in a spelling bee, and in singing some tunes of ye olden time. Refreshments will be served, and all for the small sum of one shilling. An exhibition of Fine Arts will be one at- traction, for which sixpense more will be charged, to defray expense of lighting the building.

—Walter, th nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Calderwood of Kane, died Tuesday evening at 5:40 o'clock, as the result of injuries he received on February 19th, when he was run down by a freight train while on the Pennsylvania railroad track near the depot. His right leg was crushed and it was amputated at the hip. It was believed that the child would not live twelve hours after the operation, but he showed remarkable recuperative powers and on the third day showed improvements that it was believed he would recover.

—Daniel Boone on the Trail" was the attraction at the Lyceum last Sat- urday evening and a small sized aud- ience was there to see how they did things in the days of old, when the famous Dan was a mere stripling of a boy. This melo drama is filled with thrills and homicides and anyone with a taste for death and devastation could get the worth of his money in one act. Dan, assisted by an Irish and ne- gro comedian killed enough red skins in those three acts to have depopulat- ed the Western Hemisphere in a week and still there were two full-blooded Indians and three real wolves with the company to add realism to the per- formance and thrills to the audience. Last night's Star-Record says: The death of John Makula, a wood chopper employed by the Day Chemi- cal company, of Westline, occurred yesterday in the woods near West- line. Makula and another wood chop- per by the name of Mike Soroken were in the act of chopping down a tree, when it fell striking both men. The skull of Makula was crushed and he survived his injuries about ten min- utes. Soroken was badly injured, but it is believed that he has a chance of recovery. His shoulder was broken. Soroken was taken to his home at Westline. Dr. Elliott of Mt. Jewett was summoned but his services were not needed by Makula. He took care of Soroken. The body of Makula will be brought to Bradford today and taken to Still's undertaking rooms. Deceased was 30 years of age and married.

The Port Allegany Greenhouses will sell best dark pink carnations till Wednesday night, March 15th, at 40c a doz.; No. 2 at 30c a doz. Those wishing Easter flowers or plants should order now of the Port Allegany Greenhouses, Port Allegany, Pa.

Sun Proof Umbrellas 50c, at Means Bros.

Subscribe for the Miner.

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

An Event That Took Away Her Interest in the Cause.

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

She was standing on the curb selling pamphlets, while beside her a boy was used to display a large handbill on which was printed "Votes For Women!" If it be asserted that only the angular old maids or fat married women are to be found in the ranks of the suffragettes this young lady proved the contrary. She was very pretty.

At any rate, Peter Thompson stopped to look at her and by way of an excuse to speak to her bought a pamphlet.

"Read it," she said, "and you will be with us."

"I'm with you already," Thompson replied.

"Then help us."

"I meant that I was with you personally."

At this the girl looked a trifle displeased.

"There are certain qualities," Thompson added, "that are required in those who are given citizenship. One of those"—

"I am quite sure women possess those qualities," snapped the girl.

"What qualities?"

"Those to which you refer."

"I haven't yet named them."

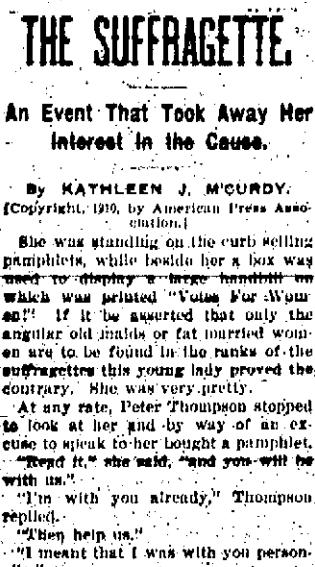
"Well, do so."

"Women are not good listeners."

"I deny the fact."

By this time several people had stopped to listen, and Thompson, not caring to amuse a crowd, passed on. He had no opinions as to whether women are entitled to the suffrage or not. The subject did not interest him. But one thing did interest him very much—the pretty suffragette. He was a philosophic chap, always looking for reasons for things, and a problem occupied his thoughts from the moment he saw the suffragette—namely, what there was about her that caused her to remain a fixture in his mind.

While Thompson was walking along, thinking about the suffragette and why she had locked herself within that combination of matter and forces which he considered himself to be and



"I SHALL DO NO SUCH THING."

to which had been given the name of Thompson, he passed a woman wheeling a baby carriage. A little boy aged about fifteen months sitting in the carriage looked up at him and smiled. Thompson was fond of children. He put out his hand, which was clutched by the tiny pink tipped fingers, the baby's eyes being fixed on Thompson as though he had found his first and best friend.

"What a beautiful boy!" he exclaimed.

The mother looked happy, as mothers do when they hear their children praised.

A sudden idea struck the philosopher.

"Madam," pursued Thompson musingly, his eyes still on the boy, who continued to clinch his hand, "I wish the loan of your child for awhile. I will pay you a big interest."

The mother looked surprised.

To shorten the story, Thompson bargained with the woman that she should wheel her boy up in front of his suffragette, ask her to watch him while she went into a store, then disappear, not to return. Thompson agreed that no harm should come to the child, that he should not be lost to his mother and when returned the borrower would put a snug sum in a savings bank to start a fund for the boy's benefit. The terms were accepted, the child was left with the suffragette, who agreed to look after him, the mother disappeared, and Thompson surveyed the scene from a distance.

An hour passed, during the latter part of which the suffragette was evidently wondering what had become of the mother. The child at last began to cry, and the suffragette tried to soothe him. Then Thompson left his point of observation and, approaching the suffragette, remarked what a pretty boy she had with her. This led her to tell him that she feared the mother had left the boy and did not intend to return.

"You can put him in a foundling home," suggested Thompson.

"I shall do no such thing!" replied the girl, firing up. "Poor, dear little fellow! Mamma will come back soon, precious! Don't cry any more. That's a dear."

"If the mother doesn't return," said Thompson, "I don't see but you'll have to take him home with you."

"I will," said the girl as Thompson walked away.

Another hour passed, during which the suffragette neglected to sell pamphlets, devoting herself to the child. Thompson after awhile returned and, expressing surprise that the woman had not come back, told the girl that if she would take the boy home with her he would do the work of hunting for the mother.

She accepted the proposition, and he walked beside her, carrying her unsold pamphlets and her poster, while she wheeled the child. On arriving at her home he found that she belonged to an eminently respectable family, everything about the house bespeaking refinement of the occupants. She told him that she worked with the suffragettes simply because her heart was in their cause, "and," she added, "it gives me something to interest myself in so that I'm not dependant upon balls, parties and dress to occupy my mind." She asked Thompson to come in. He said he hadn't time just then, but would call just as soon as he had secured any information concerning the child and would keep her advised of his efforts to find his mother.

"I suppose," he said, "I shall see you every day at your accustomed place selling pamphlets."

"Certainly," she replied. "I shall not neglect my work."

But when Thompson passed her stand again and again the next day he saw nothing of her. He reported the present home of the child to the mother and left a check for a substantial amount with her as earnest of his honest intentions. Then he went to call on the suffragette to tell her that he had learned nothing as to the identity of the mother since the desertion of the child, which was perfectly true.

Miss Edith Coleman, the suffragette, did not seem to worry much over his ill success. She told Thompson that the boy was the dearest little fellow in the world, and she was in no hurry to part with him. Thompson remarked that it was unfortunate that she should be kept away from her legitimate work, to which she replied that administering to a child whose [illegible] mother had left him was just as important as the cause of votes for women. Thompson looked surprised but said nothing.

The next day, however, he called and said that his sister had offered to take charge of the deserted boy in order that Miss Coleman might give her greater work.

"Please tell your sister to mind her own affairs," mean that the precious darling has fallen to me, and I shall keep him till he is claimed by his own kin."

Then Thompson went to the headquarters of the suffragettes and by diplomacy secured the sending of a note to Miss Coleman assigning her a very important duty that would take up all her time for a week. He called at the headquarters the next day and learned that Miss Coleman had peremptorily declined to serve.

Thompson continued reporting no progress, meanwhile keeping the foundling's mother content by an occasional check. Miss Coleman appeared more and more pleased at his cooing and always had the child beautifully dressed and his hair curled when he came. One day Thompson announced that he had found a clew to the identity of the child's mother.

Miss Coleman turned pale.

"You will now be able to return to your valuable work in securing votes for women."

"I don't wish to return to that work, and I don't know if I shall give my precious darling way."

"But supposing that his mother claims him. You wouldn't refuse to restore him to his natural parent, would you?"

"You mean his unnatural parent."

"The law would compel you."

"I would contest the case."

"And you really feel that to give him up would be a privation."

"I couldn't endure it."

"Well, then, I suppose for your sake I'd better not try to find his mother."

"Don't!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't aware before how attached you have become to the child. I know who his mother is, and I suppose it is my duty to inform her that you have her boy."

Miss Coleman looked aghast. "Is there any way," she asked, "by which I can keep him in spite of her?"

"Would that be justice?"

"Justice! Humbug! What do I care about justice if it takes my darling from me?"

Thompson burst into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, irritated.

"You remember that I demonstrated that there were faculties you did not possess, which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"And now you have confessed a third. You care nothing for justice."

"That's a man's view of it."

"To tell the truth, I don't think that you are fitted for a reformer. There is another field in which you can work for more benefit on mankind."

"What's that?"

"You would make a splendid wife and mother."

He was looking straight into her eyes when he said this, and she knew what he meant. She waited for what was to come.

Then he told her the whole story. When he had finished it was agreed that the child's mother should come for him. The ex-suffragette was still loath to part with her boy, but his place was partly supplied by another. She was engaged to marry Thompson.

Hieroglyphs.

Who is it, as the sun grows chill,
Takes on a settled grin?
Who chooses, with his heart at will,
And neither kith nor kin.

This is the harvest time for him,
And while the sun's asleep
He hustles forth his forces grim
His frosts lay to reap.

In barns upon the banks they store
Each ragged blue white cake
And stuff in more and more and more
Until the ice barns ache.

In summer will the iceman ride
In automobiles twain,
While those who have to lug aside
Must buy and sweat his gain.
—Buffalo Express.

Making a Bad Matter Worse.

"Why do you write your rhymes without dividing the lines—that is, why do you run the stuff all together as if it were prose?"

"I do that for the purpose of piquing the reader's curiosity."

"Gee whiz! Isn't it bad enough to get a fellow to read a poem without adding insult to injury by piquing his curiosity?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Twostep and Waltz.

Oh, the twostep hop is a rough, crude dance,
With a step and a jump, a leap and prance!
I do not care for a twostep where
You steplty-step, steplty-step and twostep.

But the waltz is so gentle and graceful and free
When we glide with the music harmoniously,
Keeping time to its beat with a rhythm of feet
That go waltzing and waltzing and waltzing.
—Puck.

Impossible to Understand.

"James Henry," says the wife sternly, "I cannot understand why you have stayed out so late tonight."

"Can't unshtan'?" pityingly replies James Henry, carefully shoving his hat down over the newel post. "Bet dollar you can unshtan' me better'n you can any uzzer feller I been wish."—Chicago Post.

Met His Match.

He got in the barber chair,
And the barber tried to talk,
But all in vain—that fellow there
Won from him in a walk.
He got a verbal strangle hold;
'Twas quite beyond endurance;
But ere he left the agent sold
The barber some insurance.
—Cleveland Leader.

Polite.

Micky—Well, at any rate, yo can't say that I'm double faced, like some I knows of.

Patsy—Well, man, that's the truth ye're sayin'. If ye had another face ye wouldn't be walkin' around with them faceshirs of yours.—New York Journal.

Triolet.

I stepped on her feet
When the car hit the curve.
She was youthful and sweet.
I stepped on her feet.
But I shall not repeat
What she said—I lack nerve.
I stepped on her feet
When the car hit the curve.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quaker Shrewdness.

Be sure you are right and then prove it.

Give a dog a bad name and no one will steal him for his collar.

A girl has little respect for a fellow who tries to kiss her and fails.—Philadelphia Record.

In Winter Quarters.

The north winds blow,
And we shall have snow.
What will the airship do then, poor thing?
It will rest in the shed
With a tag on its head
And get ready to fly in the spring, poor thing!
—Boston Herald.

Blarney.

Norah—Why do you call me your jewel, Patrick?

Officer Clancy—Bekase your eyes sparkle loike diimonds, your teeth are loike pearls, and even your voice has an emerald ring to it.—Browning's Magazine.

Punch.

Said a bibulous chap from the south
In a state of perpetual drouth
"It surely seems droll
That a punch in the bowl
Should be ever worth two in the mouth!"
—New York Times.

Osculation.

Bus—To kiss.
Re-bus—To kiss again.
Omni-bus—To kiss all the girls in the room.
E pluri-bus unum—A thousand kisses in a line.—Lippincott's.

Pessimism

The springtime will ere long appear.
What futile hopes we often nurse!
The storms which now seem so severe
In March will probably be worse!
—Washington Star.

No Middleman.

Hewitt—Don't you ever go to a doctor?

Jewett—No, sir. When I get ready to do business I shall do it direct with the undertaker. No middleman for me.—Sunday Magazine.

Lack of Confidence.

One reason why I must abhor
The meat trust, I regret,
Is that it will not trust me for
The meat I'd like to get.
—Christian Science Monitor.

Anxious About Firstborn.

"I guess we'd better weigh the youngster."

"But you weighed him only twenty minutes ago, old fellow."

"Well, maybe he's gained a little"—Washington Herald.

First Adam Not Worried.

I guess that Adam, lucky wight,
Was never harried
About the better men Eve might
Have married.
—Pittsburg Post.

THE BRASS BOX.

It Brought About the Speedy Marriage of the Lovers.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

The curio dealer weighed the brass box in the outstretched hand.

"It weighs all of a pound, sir," he said to Hayward. "I bought it ten years ago from the estate of a French antiquary with a lot of other stuff. No one seems to care for it, although I've offered it for almost nothing. It really is a paperweight. You see there is no lock or hinge. It is merely a lump of brass shaped somewhat like an ancient chest. If you care for it you can have it at your own price. It may interest you to know that it was once owned by"— He leaned forward and whispered a few words in his customer's ear.

"I'll take it," said Hayward promptly.

"I thought you would," said the dealer with a nod as he wrapped the brass box into a neat package.

Once in his own rooms Hayward examined the box with interest. It was, as the dealer had said, merely a lump of brass roughly molded into the shape of an ancient chest. The tracings that had once outlined false locks and hinges and nail studded bands were almost obliterated by dirt and discoloration. Restored to its original brightness, it would make a unique paperweight for his desk.

He would reserve the cleaning of the brass box, as he chose to call it, for a rainy evening. Some night when he was not due at Edith's—those evenings were the dullest of the week—he would restore the brass box.

Ten days afterward the rainy evening found him smoking a pipe before a cozy fire. The brass box was within easy reach of his hand, and near by was a drawer full of rags and oil and various chemicals, so he spread a newspaper on the floor and fell to work.

Little by little the discoloration yielded to his efforts until at last the brass box shone forth in the splendor of its primal desire, its initial interest. Hayward admired the delicate engraving that the molds had revealed, and as he turned the box over in his hands the conviction grew upon him

"I CAN'T DO IT," HE SAID FRANKLY.

that the piece of brass had been intended for some other purpose than that of weighting piles of documents.

If the curio had really belonged to that beautiful woman, a favorite of kings and whose lightest words had changed the destiny of an empire, as the shopkeeper had hinted, in itself it was valuable as a souvenir of the most famous woman of her time.

With his penknife he idly scraped clean the tracery of a little circle drawn on one end of the box. It was perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter, and in the center of the circle was a dot. The circle and the dot formed part of a similar decoration that ran around the ends and sides of the box.

As he worked it appeared to Hayward that this circle was different from its fellows; the line was more deeply indented than the light tracery of the others. As he realized this the young man pursued his labors until the point of a fine blade could be inserted to the depth of an eighth of an inch in the aperture.

Examination of the other end of the box revealed the same conditions in the center circle of the row. After diligently cleaning the second circle Hayward now had before him what appeared to be a small round rod running from one end of the box to the other, yet so tightly wedged in as to be immovable by ordinary means. The purpose of this rod was yet to be determined. Its presence there convinced him that the box was indeed a box.

He placed it in his vise and with hammer and tools prepared to force the rod out of the box. It was long after midnight when it suddenly yielded to his efforts and fell to the floor.

Hayward picked it up and carried it to the lamp. It was a small steel cylinder four inches in length, capped on either end by the circle of brass. It was the work of another hour to pry out the rusted cap from one end and reveal a hollow cavity.

From the cavity there dropped a small roll of stiff parchment, yellowed with age and much creased and worn. Hayward's fingers trembled as he unfolded with reverent fingers this missive that had come so strangely to him out of a dead century.

His face paled as he saw the royal crest that topped the sheet and the kingly signature that followed the finely written words. The letter was in French, and as he read the tender, endearing epithets to this woman whom a king had loved Hayward realized that into his alien hands had fallen a great secret which, if revealed, with its hint of plot and counterplot, would prove the literary sensation of a lifetime.

He had but to go forth and say: "See what I have found in an old brass box picked up in an auction room. It is a monarch's autograph letter to his sweetheart. It is as simple and pure in its tender sentiment as a letter that you or I or any other commoner might write; and yet it contains a secret which the world would snatch at eagerly, a mystery for which historians have probed in vain, a theme which has inspired a mighty volume of speculation! It is here. How much am I offered?"

If he published his find to the world it meant riches to him. It meant more than enough to marry upon and be happy. Edith had waited two years for him to make good the promise of his brilliant college career. Another year or so of upward struggle and he would have arrived at his desired goal. But if in those years he might have Edith by his side!

If he published the letter he had found in the brass box he would be rich. They could be married immediately. Not one man in a hundred would have hesitated, yet Robin Hayward did. He was the exceptional man.

He carried this problem, as he had many others, to Edith herself. The next evening found him explaining his purchase of the brass box and the wonderful secret it contained.

Edith Layton bended over the royal love letter with tender eyes.

"That is real love, Robin," she said at last. "The poor woman must have treasured the letter. See how it is worn and creased with much reading. She could never bear to part with it, and so she had this box made with the secret cylinder in which to conceal her precious possession." She read her self-appointed task with a sympathy that showed that she had entered into the spirit of the dead and gone queen. "Robin, dear, you must not publish the letter. It is not yours. It belongs to the dead. Let her secret be buried with her."

Hayward nodded. "She died suddenly, you know."

"He probably did not realize that she had left behind the letter. Yesterday I should have said that you must publish it, for the delight it would give to the world's literature; but I don't know. What shall you do with it?" Her face took on a look of pain, as he knew it would, at the dear grave eyes ought his carelessly, as if she doubted whether he might withstand the temptation.

Hayward stiffened in his chair. "I am tempted to sell it for money, for a price that will enable me to offer you a home worthy of you. That is what I want to do," he said bluntly.

She made no reply. She knew the temptation that assailed him, and she knew the struggle he was making against his better principles.

No man had greater pride in the fruits of his personal endeavor than Robin Hayward. She wanted him to prove his capabilities, not to purchase an easy road to fortune through barter ing the frailties of persons long dead. She wanted him to fight a fight and come out victorious.

"We could be married at once," said Hayward, rising and going to her with outstretched hands.

She placed her hands in his. "We could," she said slowly.

"Do you mean it, darling?" he cried ecstatically.

"Yes, Robin."

Five minutes later he was on his way to the door. "I am sure Eatham will want the whole thing. You know he is writing a history of the French courts, and this will be a find for him." He paused abruptly as his glance encountered the stern visage of Edith's grandfather in his gilded frame near the door.

That sturdy American pioneer, Simeon Layton, had asked no odds of any century save his own. No other hands had helped to pile up the immense fortune that arose like a barrier between Hayward and the girl he loved. High ideals, hard work, pluck and steady application had made him a model citizen and a rich man.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling Hayward looked away from the portrait to Edith standing before the fire. She always wore her plainest gowns when Robin came, and now, standing there in her simple white dress, with his modest ring shining alone on her slender hand, she seemed very near within his reach. He would win her by work alone. Every dollar that he earned might pull down a dollar of that great wall of wealth that stood between them.

"I can't do it," he said brusquely. With a single stride he was beside her, and the king's autograph letter fluttered from his hand and fell into the fire. In an instant it was licked into flames and then flew, a gray ghost, up the chimney.

"I was sure you'd do that, Robin," she said, leaning her head against his shoulder. "And now, if you like, I will marry you any time!"

"Dearest, I cannot let you. I shall be poor for a year to come, and you will miss all this!" He flung his hand toward the richly furnished room. "I must work hard and make you a fortune and then"—

"You will work hard and build your fortune, and I—I will be your apprentice. We will work together. Think how sweet that will be!"

"And we will keep the brass box for a mascot," he said.

State.
Governor—Martin G. Brumbaugh, Harrisburg.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert A. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry K. Smethport, R. W. Hilles, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mason, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Coudersport.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Jersey Shore.
Members of Assembly—James A. McSmethport, R. W. Hilles, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mason, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Barnsley, Smethport.
Recorder—J. M. Chesbro, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. F. Lobingier, Sheffield.
County Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Keating Summit; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; F. Devlin, Lewisdale.
County Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Sheffield.
County Auditors—H. B. Adsit, Sheffield; W. G. Holden, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Corywille.
Coroner—H. K. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burt B. Smith.

Borough.
Burgess—H. H. Cleveland.
Council—H. M. Heath, President; J. Glover, Secretary; J. W. Waite, J. Workley, G. B. Denning, F. L. Burns, C. Beckish, H. M. Jones.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Cole.
Constable—U. M. Frost.
School Directors—D. C. Young, President; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Ball, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Reid, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—J. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swansen, C. B. Cole, W. M. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabin.
Inspectors of Election—M. T. Daly, McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 358, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MANSHIP, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 344, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock, O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory at first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, 223d, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Bird Tent, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Commander.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 6, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. M. COLLEGROVE, P.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 35, O. E. S., meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. M. Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adaptation degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. G. HOPPER.
L. K. HOLBARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m., preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday School 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening preaching at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Fahy, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30

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How I Got My Start

Story of a Man Who Made a Little Fortune In One Night.

By REGINALD B. HAVEN.

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was well for small w[illegible] and I [illegible] My work was [illegible] had not counted on [illegible] that I [illegible] is that I [illegible] me [illegible] whole of the [illegible]

I was [illegible] to get [illegible] arches [illegible] my eyes [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] much [illegible] respect [illegible] the [illegible] I was [illegible] that [illegible] ring all [illegible] with [illegible] but what I wanted [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] something [illegible] that I would choose one of the [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] had gone [illegible] one evening and [illegible] supper when there was a ring [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] handed me [illegible]

It was written on a letter [illegible] manufacturing them and [illegible] Mr Pennington requests of [illegible]

[illegible] I worked for [illegible] [illegible] recommended for a special job and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I went to the office [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cochran Seaman, once the popular Nelly Bly of newspaperdom, is now manager of a big business concern in Brooklyn.

Mrs. June Sacks of Jennet township, Pa., who is eighty-six years of age, can thread a needle without spectacles and has the vitality of a woman of half her years.

Miss Helen Taft has traveled around the world with her parents. She speaks French almost as easily as English and while at Manila learned to talk Spanish and also the native Tagalog.

Mrs. John E. McElroy of Albany, N. Y., was hostess of the White House in the time of President Arthur, her brother. There are three other living ex-hostesses—Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Lady Affleck has taken a situation in a shop in London, and the fact has caused a great deal of comment among her friends. She says that she examined her talents when she found the necessity for going into business and decided that her best chance for success was as a saleswoman.

Things Theatrical.

Miss Henrietta Crosman will not play "Sham" after this season, as she will have a new play.

John Drew may be seen next season as Benedick in a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing."

Laura Nelson Hall will play the leading feminine role in Sidney Rosenfeld's new play, "Children of Destiny."

Mabel Barrison and Harry Conor are to have prominent parts in an adaptation from a German farce called "Lulu's Husbands."

"The Midnight Sons" will go on tour after playing the best part of the year in New York. It will probably have a summer run in Chicago.

"The Commuters," which Henry B. Harris is to produce about the middle of April at Atlantic City, is by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman."

Household Hints.

Allow four eggs to each quart of milk in making cup custards.

Even a dishcloth may prove expensive. If dirty it may cause typhoid; if fluffy it may clog the plumbing.

A spoonful of ox gall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previous to washing.

Turpentine should be sprayed or sprinkled in the haunts of cockroaches. It will often quite destroy the pests and will always disperse them.

A clean cloth dipped in hot water, then a saucer of bran, will speedily clean white paint without injury to it. The soft bran acts like soap on the dirt.

Law Points.

The mere act of a trespasser in tearing down one's outlying fence after he has been warned to desist is held in Newcome versus Russell (Ky.), 117 S. W. 805, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.), 724, not to justify shooting or wounding him with a firearm so as to relieve the assailant from liability in damages for assault.

The wife is held in state versus Orth, 79 Ohio St. 130, 86 N. E. 476, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.), 210, not to be a competent witness to testify on behalf of the state and against her husband on the trial of the latter upon an indictment charging him with violation of a statute in refusing to provide for his minor children.

State Lines.

In Louisiana the law permits a widow to marry again only provided she has waited until ten months after the death of her husband.

The mineral production in Idaho amounted to $15,000,000 in 1909, a gain of about $250,000 over 1908. These figures do not include the output of the many smaller properties or placers.

Pennsylvania is a large state, with plenty of mountain territory, and it is declared by the state game commission that the number of bears killed there in recent years has surpassed that of the deer.

Money Matters.

Of the world's stock of money $7,000,000,000 is gold, $3,500,000,000 silver and four and one-third billions on covered paper.

The coining value of silver produced from the mines of the world since 1492 is practically equal to that of the gold produced in that period—$13,000,000,000.

The comptroller of the currency has issued an order advising all national bank examiners that under no circumstances should bank clerks be asked to assist in examining banks in which they are employed.

Facts From France.

Acetylene torches for use in cases of dense fog have been supplied to the police stations of Paris.

The 40,000,000 inhabitants of France consume on an average more than 100 quarts of wine per head per annum.

Edmund Thery, a French economist, estimates the increase in the wealth of France during 1909 at $1,200,000,000.

The coal production of France is insufficient for her needs, although in the last ten years it has increased from 30,000,000 to 36,000,000 tons.

SIRES AND SONS.

J. H. Hale of Georgia, the "peach king," has 250,000 trees in his southern orchards alone.

Archer M. Huntington, the son of the late Collis P. Huntington, is widely known as a student of Spanish literature and of Spanish-American history, and it was he who founded and endowed the Hispanic society.

Chune Ling, a priest of Buddha, well versed in all the mysterious knowledge that is secreted in those mystic temples of the plains of China, is a student in the first grade of the Franklin school night class for foreigners, Washington.

Henry E. Legler, the librarian of the Chicago Public library, has for many years made a practice of recommending twenty books each for the different classes of readers who use the library. He divides the books for this purpose into books for men, women, girls, boys and young children.

Colonel Charles Chaille-Long, soldier, lawyer, explorer, diplomat and author, has been honored by the American Geographical society, which has awarded him the Daly geographical medal for his services in Africa. The special work for which he was honored was the solution of the Nile source problem.

The Count of Turin, the Duke of the Abruzzi's brother, has been proving himself a mighty hunter in Africa, whence he is returning after a great hunting expedition. He brings back a splendid collection of stuffed animals and skins, which are to form a special section of the Zoological museum at Florence.

Sporting Notes.

Phillips Andover plans a $50,000 swimming pool.

Ed Geers, the veteran harness driver, is seventy-nine years old.

Frisco basketball players must register with the Pacific Athletic association.

The St. Louis Nationals and Americans have each seventeen pitchers on their ball teams for the coming season.

William J. Glover of Baltimore, who claims the long distance swimming title, has begun training for a swim from the Charlestown bridge to Hospital light, in Boston harbor, next summer.

Moving pictures of the tennis matches for the Davis international cup played in Sydney, Australia, between McLaughlin and Long of San Francisco and Brooks and Wilding were brought to this country by Long.

The Writers.

Mrs. Anna Robeson Burr, the author, is a Philadelphian, a daughter of the late Henry Arndt Brown. She is a homemaker as well as an author, has two small daughters and belongs to no clubs, movements or female agitations of any sort whatever.

Sven Hedin, the explorer and author, is a Swede, forty-four years old and unmarried. His home is in Stockholm, but since 1885 his time has been spent largely in the wildest regions of Asia. He is a good linguist and has received titles and medals from various governments.

Harold Macgrath is on his way around the world, having the very finest kind of a time, bobbing with ambassadors, lunching in the shade of the pyramids and in the ruins of Karnak, storing his mind with a thousand romantic hints at Athens, at Bagdad, at Benares and Muridalay.

The Royal Box.

Every morning of his life Alfonso XIII. has a good rump steak and potatoes for his first breakfast, often preceded by eggs and sometimes followed by salad and fruit.

The kaiser from his private purse makes a grant amounting to about $15 on the birth of an eighth son in any family of the same father and mother. The kaiser also promises to stand as godfather to the lucky eighth son.

The Princess of Wales has a fan covered with 6,720 woodcock feathers from the wings of 3,200 woodcocks, there being only one feather of the sort in each wing. The Prince of Wales supplied the birds, and the making of the fan occupied one hour a day of a woman's time for more than a year.

Subscribe for the Miner.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lewis Raymer spent Sunday in Austin.

Joe McCabe was an Olean visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton visited Bradford friends this week.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was an Eldred visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron R. Lyle were Buffalo visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Judge J. W. Bouton has returned from an extended Southern trip.

C. W. Musser returned yesterday from an extended Southern trip.

Guy B. Mayo returned yesterday from a business visit to Wilkes-Barre.

Joe Shoemaker who has been visiting friends in town returned to Olean Thursday.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin has returned home from an extended visit to New York city and Binghamton.

T. H. Hungiville and daughter, Margaret, were the guests of Bradford friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes, daughter, Crystal, and son, Ernest, left Saturday on a Southern trip.

Miss Byrdie McIntyre of Simpson was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Webb B. Hopper Saturday.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Camp, this week.

Mrs. L. Steinhauer and Mrs. H. W. Roeder were the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Webb B. Hopper, yesterday.

A. F. Carey of Lawrenceville, Pa., returned to his home after a two weeks' visit with his daughter, Mrs. H. S. Jones, and son, D. L. Carey.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Crocker of Shinglehouse, while on their wedding trip, visited their uncle, B. D. Colegrove and family the latter part of the week.

English Etchings.

Women may be peeresses by royal grant, but cannot sit in the house of lords.

The king has power to dissolve parliament even before it has attempted any business.

Survey cameras for use from balloons are now in constant use in the British army.

In England's trade last year there was a decline of 10½ per cent in the first quarter and an increase of 10½ per cent in the last.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

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FOR BACKACHE

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
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BULLETIN.

DREADNAUGHT CARS.

The nub of railroading is first-class equipment and reliable service. The Pennsylvania Railroad provides this for the public. For many months big all-steel coaches, built like Dreadnaughts, have been operated on all through trains. Their easy-riding qualities and steadiness of motion have been widely praised. The all-steel dining cars too have distinct advantages over the wooden ones. They are stronger and steadier, and the act of eating is made more enjoyable by the smoother movement.

There are also some steel Pullman Cars—Combined Parlor-Smokers and Baggage, in the service now. Travelers like them. They have plenty of elbow room and they glide over the rails. The Sleeping Cars are coming. Some four hundred parlor and sleeping cars will be in use by Summer.

These steel coaches and cars are the strongest vehicles ever built for passenger transportation. They are fire proof, break proof and bend proof. They represent the climax of Safety and the perfection of comfort in railroad travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has always been the leader in all manner of improved equipment as well as in all methods of making their patrons more comfortable. This is why it is known and honored as The Standard Railroad of America.

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Write for Special Booklet CC on this attractive investment.

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You Don't Know
How Easy It Is To Cook

Perhaps your folks are among the few in this town who have never had a taste of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

Perhaps you are one of the women who have a mistaken prejudice.

Perhaps you think that because this is a fish food, it is too much trouble to cook. Perhaps you think that it scents up the kitchen.

Please let us point out your mistake. For this is one of the world's choicest foods. And we don't want your family to miss it.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

Nothing Else Half As Good

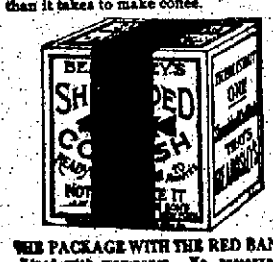
Nothing else half as good for breakfast or lunch is so easy to prepare as this.

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

No bones to pick out—no washing—no soaking—no boiling. Our patented Shredding Process saves you all that.

And it makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty. This shredded meat cooks almost the minute heat reaches it.

Any way that you serve it, you can have it ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND
Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Not Like Other Fish

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish isn't at all like the old-fashioned dried codfish.

There's none of that strong taste. And none of the odor in cooking.

For we use only the choicest fish—the plumpest and fattest—the finest that come out of the deep.

We get them from Northern waters. Where they attain a superlative flavor.

And we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

Have It Tomorrow

Now that you know you were wrong in thinking Beardsley's Shredded Codfish a bother to cook, why not try it tomorrow—"fish-day"? Just to see what a delicious breakfast or lunch you will have.

A package will cost you only 10 cents. And it makes a full meal for five.

There is other codfish in packages. But no other Shredded Codfish. No other kind you will like half as well as ours. So please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band.

Get This Free Recipe Book

Ask your grocer for our book of tempting new recipes. Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

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Feed,
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at lowest prices
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